

1897

I aint 'bliged to stan' no Nigger foolin'

J. Frank Walsh
Composer

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I aint 'bliged to stan' no Nigger foolin'.

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By J. FRANK WALSH.

Not too Fast.

PIANO.

Talk a-bout a gem'-man
I wen'down to see my
Ne-ber looked a-roun' for

coon ——— What's a-bout to die right soon ———
Lon ——— 'Course I t'out I'd find her true ———
fight ——— 'Cep-tin when I know'd 'twas right ———

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1897
I AINT

Bet yer high-est fig - ger Dat I kill a nig - ger Jus' be - cause he
I stepped in de par - lor Met an - od - der fel - lar Sit - tin' on de
Now its come my way to Kill a coon to - day, Who won de heart of

ritard. done gone stole my ba - by, *a tempo.* I'm a-gwine to tell him fair
so - fa wid my ba - by, I says Lou what's all dis mean?
my af - fi-anced ba - by, Dis is what Im gwine to do

For to meet his Lord pre - pare Den Im gwine to spill him,
She says nig - ger, you done seen I done shook yer Hon - ey,
Carve dat nig - ger froo an froo Burn him to a cin - der,

Carve him till I kill him, I'll jus' show dat coon how
 Dis coon has more mon - ey, Now dat coon mus' die, 'cause
 Frow him out de win - der Den my Lou will know dat

CHORUS.

I aint' bliged to stan' no nigger fool-in' no sir, Roun' de babe I

longs to call my own 'Cause I'se been raised wid dif'rent kind ob schoolin' So, sir,

I'll carve dat nig-ger to de bone. bone. —